

THE MUSICAL WORLD,

A WEEKLY RECORD OF

Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.

To know the cause why music was ordained;
Was it not to refresh the mind of man,
After his studies or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

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OUR MUSICAL WANTS.

By EGERTON WEBBE.

WITH every wish to perceive that prosperity which an amiable spirit of criticism is somewhat fond of attributing to the present state of our musical affairs, I confess there are certain ugly features of no small prominence, still disfiguring both the art and the profession, which make it impossible to be very hearty in one's admiration of either. These start up before the mind, like so many undesired Banquos, on every attempt to be pleased; and are no ghosts neither, but very palpable, positive customers, and to be dealt with accordingly. So let us "have at them."

With the reader's leave we will pick three several quarrels—one with composers, one with performers, and one with the public. But all of the gentlest complexion, agreeably to the fashion of modern polemics; for it is the custom now to fight in most unexceptionable kid gloves, and to break heads—as Sir Walter Scott puts it—"with the highest consideration for one another."* A very laudable custom it is. On this plan then, we will conduct our extremely civil wars. To the composer it shall be mildly suggested, that he wants education; to the performer it shall be blandly announced, that he lacks enthusiasm; to the public it shall be mellifluously remarked, that it has to answer for all the sins of both.

The want of education which I charge on English composers is twofold. They appear to me, generally, to possess less of scientific acquirement, than their art demands, and less of general information, than their station befits. These deficiencies indeed are the result of other deficiencies—those of fortune—over which our composers, usually a needy set, have no control, and these again, as part of the depressed and undervalued condition of the artist, revert to the public. Nevertheless, it is a fair ground of quarrel with our composers that they make little effort to supply these defects, and especially that they are so far from acting in accordance with a belief in the importance of general education, that they do not even seem to suspect that it has any bearing on

* See the narrative concerning "Green-breeks," in Mr. Lockhart's lately published memoirs.

their interests. Certainly, however, it has a bearing both on the interests of the art, and on the respectability of the profession. But of this in the second place. We will first of all consider the question of scientific musical education.

It is very true, that as respects great original genius, it is of little consequence where it begins—it will eventually find its way out of every perplexity, possess itself of every treasure of knowledge,

“With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursue its way,”

till all obstructions are overcome, and it has penetrated to the innermost heart of the science it adores. But if there were none but spirits of this kind to instruct, critics indeed might throw their superfluous pens into the fire; for criticism has no connexion whatever with this order of minds—it can teach them nothing—it seldom has appreciated or even understood them, till they were no more—and it can neither create their genius, nor destroy it. Every profession, however, has its secondary ranks, which, in the aggregate, contain too much merit to be neglected, and, as forming the great bulk of it, call for the exercise of such overruling discipline as may keep them in an orderly and efficient condition. As marshal over these inferior yet meritorious ranks, criticism is appointed. Now the first thing criticism ought to tell the illustrious subordinates of the musical corps is, that they must begin their profession at the right end—which is science, and that if such is not their beginning, miserable will be their end. There are certain tough preliminaries appertaining to all the fine arts, which must be patiently and humbly submitted to, by those who would qualify themselves for composition. It is hard no doubt, wishing to taste of the sweet kernel, to find our teeth grating against the rough shell that encases it; but if any one is of opinion that such labour is intolerable, all I will say is—he likes not almonds well enough. To kiss an old and wrinkled duenna of two score and a half, may tax a delicate mouth; yet, if it were to open the door to his true love's chamber, what gallant knight but would quickly, and as it were amorously, salute the beldame? In good earnest it is an admirable provision of nature by which all objects of extraordinary value are invested with circumstances that render them difficult of acquisition. For if every fool could pluck his sprig of laurel from the tree of fame with the bare extension of his five fingers, and good names were as plentiful as blackberries or doctorships, there would be an end of distinction, as of enterprize. But the muses are a fastidious sisterhood, and can by no means dispense with those personal attentions and that assiduity of courtship, which give assurance of deliberate attachment. Like our mother Eve, they

“Will be woo'd, and not unsought be won.”

They may be looked upon as living in the manner of the heroines of Eastern tale—apart, in enchanted castles, to which none but true-hearted cavaliers can arrive, nor they, till they have killed some score of wicked magicians, and vanquished I know not how many fiery dragons. Such romances, in the opinion of many modern mythologists, are distinct allegories, and the above incident, which so frequently occurs as a basis or main plot, may well be supposed to express the nature of all the higher and more precious objects of the

soul's passion, which, while they propose such rewards as inflame desire, accompany them with such dangers or interpose such obstacles and delays, as test at once the sincerity of the love with which we pursue them, and the qualifications we possess for their attainment. These preliminary hardships then—if they can be called hardships which conduct to pleasure—must be undergone as a matter of course by all who would reach distinction in the art of music, and it may be safely predicated of him who seeks to dispense with them, or even who feels them as any grievance at all, that he has not that within him which justifies his application to this art.

It is amazing with what confidence—or to use a stronger, yet even a more just expression—with what *impudence*, many individuals, knowing no more of the science of music than of Arabic, have entered themselves of Stationers' Hall in all the pomp of print, and have proceeded thereupon to vomit forth—like any Chinese jugglers—sheet after sheet, quire after quire, of undoubted music paper, to the confusion of all our ideas of the capacity of the inner man, until on closer observation we have partly resolved the miracle by perceiving that what we deemed a continuation, was but a reproduction. Still we have not been able to cease wondering at the paper phenomenon, for we have said to one another—Can such music have found the hand able to fix it on the imperishable steel? can aught so precarious have passed under the unerring graver's point? can it have gone from hand to hand—have been treated for—have been regarded like property—have been made matter of a serious contract between party and party, with forms of law thereunto applying? Such reflections have excited our amazement and a sort of incredulity, for we have thought it must be easier to catch the *winds* and sell them, than some sorts of music; which certainly, but for the blessing of music paper, could not have been so much as retained in mind by the composer himself beyond the first moment of conception. We have even, with a curious inveteracy, enumerated the trades employed in the production of the printed and published article, and then holding up our hands, have exclaimed—Oh! prodigious world, in which mighty emptiness can feed so many mouths—silly Genius cannot fill its own!

Not only are the knots of science deemed unworthy of the pains of solution by any but mechanic hands, and every singing boy in that matter is his own Alexander, but those ingenuous youths—their country's hope—who undertake to console us for the loss of Beethoven and Weber, are firmly, nay, logically convinced, that music being a thing of inspiration, and they being musical, it is but to elevate the pen's point heavenward, and pretend the forefinger of the left hand to the upper angle of the forehead, and the charm at once descends—invisible indeed to vulgar eyes, but not to them, nor—which is better—to the fashionable publisher. They opine that like "reading and writing," music too "comes by nature," that art is consequently an impertinence, or at best but a mean substitute, resorted to by those less favored mortals whose natural gifts do not, as with them, amount to intuitive perfection. These masters-by-the-grace-of-God may be considered as forming the chief bulk of the "eight hundred great living *musicians*;" they constitute the last figures of that term, having the double property of ciphers—of being *multitude* and *naught* at the same time. They are those inscrutable beings lurking in the

recesses of music shops, who conceal under an Italian signorship, or a German baronetcy, much unsuspected Thomson; they are the *multa sine nomine plebs* who, because they have no life to look to (saving that vouchsafed to them as Christians) beyond this world, nor anything immortal about them (except their immortal souls) naturally feel that they cannot be too busy here in securing pottage. Regarded therefore in a philosophical point of view, it may perhaps be forgiven them—though I see no reason why it should not be pretty freely remarked—that with their worldly feasting, they rob many better men of needful bread, besides being a dead weight on an art, which owes them nothing but its curses. But leaving this class, let us now consider the higher sort of composers, with reference to the same charge—an under-estimation of the scientific part of music.

Notwithstanding the many really great names adorning the history of music in England, and the various meritorious efforts which are made from time to time to rescue from foreign contempt our character for musical ability, no one in his senses will think of asserting that we have produced a Bach, a Handel, or a Mozart. It will be allowed that our country grows no such men—that they are, so far, a distinct race of beings. It is furthermore equally incontrovertible that, with very trivial exceptions not worth the noting, our scanty honors have been exclusively won in the *vocal* department of music. If these facts are put together properly, it will not be difficult to perceive that one principal secret of our inferiority to the composers of Germany is our *defective science*. Vocal music may receive, but does not naturally demand much scientific method. Its first merit is its fitness for expressing the sentiments of the words with which it is united; and though custom has imposed a certain distinctive character on its various classes, to preserve which may require an experienced hand, yet the peculiar meanings of words and phrases claiming a peculiar treatment in their musical adaptation—a treatment of merely local propriety—must always render vocal music an affair rather of fancy than of science. But instrumental music proceeding entirely on its own foundation, and having no test of fitness beyond itself, is constrained to fall back upon method as its main support. Now that which is its constraint, becomes also its glory; for since those systems of harmony, of rhythm, and of composition, which have obtained in our day, are no arbitrary instruments cramping and oppressing original power, but are systems that have arisen by the justest degrees out of the wisdom of our ancestors; therefore instrumental music can reach no higher praise than when beautiful and original ideas are made to flow naturally in the channels that have been formed for them. If Beethoven is here thrown in my teeth, I reply that innovation condemns or justifies itself according to its performance; that Beethoven, a man of deep passion, and prodigious original resource—the PINDAR of his art—had

already confessed his love for the old and venerable systems of composition, and only left them then, when profound feelings of the heart, born of suffering, laboured within him and were found too large for the existing forms of expression. When change comes in such a likeness, she will be honoured by all but fools and pedants. "A froward retention of custom," says Lord Bacon, wisely and candidly, "is as turbulent a thing as an innovation, and they that reverence too much old times are but a scorn to the new." No! revered be the name of Beethoven, and all he did unblamed; wild and irregular like Pindar,—like him obscure, yet brilliant too,—let us rejoice in his light, and in his darkness fearfully and reverentially repose. But "decipit exemplar vitiis imitabile," and for any young man in good health and spirits—with no other pains of mind, perchance, than readily vanish at the approach of his dinner—to think of putting up Beethoven for a copybook, is the most ludicrous of innocent hallucinations. What should we say of a man who, struck by the praises bestowed on the statue of *Laocoon*, went about his daily business in an attitude of contortion imitated from that great model? The idleness inherent in our nature makes us too prone to embrace any excuse for delivering ourselves from discipline. In truth, nothing but confusion and absurdity can result from the pernicious notion that genius is fettered by rules; it is the mere offspring of vanity or of weakness; and those who uphold such a doctrine, imagine themselves to be vindicating genius, while they are only flattering dunces. It is the besetting sin of the age—a contempt for the past and all its examples; and music shares the sin as well as the punishment. Let novelty have fair play—but never desert what is excellent, because it is old.

Musical composition will be a very different affair with us from what it is now, when the works of *Sebastian Bach* come to be employed for the purposes of study, instead of being made mere holiday shows and objects of a passing curiosity. They form a fountain of harmony able to irrigate and fertilize the whole world of music for a thousand years. Handel used them, Mozart used them, all the German masters that have succeeded him used them; but *we* have had them not to use; and thus while Germany has grown rich and luxuriant under the waters of its everflowing *Bach*,* our waste lands have remained in their original sterility. As *Bach* is the father of all instrumental writers, so the *fugue*—his chief glory—is the father of all instrumental works. In it reside those secrets of rhythm, of imitation, of harmony, which, variously modified, give life and meaning to every other species of composition. Yet so much are we to seek in the philosophy of music, that I have seen the fugue

* *Bach* is German for *brook*. The same word is a patronymic with us, and Shakspeare plays upon it in a similar way in the 'Merry Wives of Windsor,' where *Falstaff* says to *Master Brook*, who plies him with sack, "I love *brooks* that flow with such good liquor."

spoken of as something obsolete and contemptible, in a critical musical journal, now no more, but once in the highest repute. Supposing that the fugue, instead of being, as in the hands of Sebastian Bach it is, one of the noblest efforts of musical genius, uniting all the charms of solemnity, pathos, imagination, and a certain—I know not what—most *sweet dignity*, which I take to be—even above all others—its characteristic excellence—if, I say, instead of this, it were really that dull, dry thing, which the uninformed, or half-informed, represent it to be, still, as being the store-house of science, it would form the properest study for young composers. I am much mistaken if some very popular English composers could write a decent fugue to save their lives.

Sebastian Bach is now becoming every day better known. The judicious taste of Mr. Moscheles in producing specimens of that great master at his concerts, will go far to create a desire for further acquaintance with his works. This will inevitably ripen into a love for him and his genius; and that being once established, we may feel assured that the public will no longer endure the meagre and sinewless music which has been so long its daily food: composers will find the necessity of sinking a much larger foundation in science to support the structure of their composition, and it will become impossible to obtain applause without first deserving it.

MUSICAL FESTIVAL AT BOULOGNE.

(*From the diary of an Amateur.*)

LET no one talk of musical festivals, harmonic societies, and grand performances of sacred music in England, who has witnessed a saint-day festival in France. I was fortunate enough to be at Boulogne upon the celebration of St. Peter, at the church of St. Nicholas. The performance was announced to commence at ten o'clock, and a sermon to be preached by the Bishop of Arras. I went punctually to the time, and, to my surprize, found the church crowded by all classes of society. There was no aristocratic patron's gallery, no steward's box, all was "as free as the air we breathe." Under the organ, a large orchestra was erected, containing a band of fifty performers, and a small body of chorus singers. Immediately after high mass had been said and sung, the sacrament was received, and then came one of Auber's *most popular overtures*, and a collection. A grand procession of priests, headed by a tall verger, dressed in full livery, and wearing immense moustachios, passed through the congregation. All eyes were now directed to the orchestra, where appeared, in "silk attire," a "ladye fair," who sang in charming tones a solo with harp accompaniment, but she was doomed to be interrupted, not by the enthusiastic plaudits—not by the severe displeasure of the audience, but by a terrific report of drums and fifes. A considerable sensation prevailed—particularly amongst the strangers, which was only increased by the *entrée* of a regiment of soldiers, who marched up the centre of the church with swords drawn and bayonets fixed, the bands, drums, fifes, and orchestra, all playing. Fancy this commotion in the midst of the quiet service at St. John, Stepney, or St. Martin-le-Grand! But the drums ceased, the soldiers halted; the harp again breathed its dulcet notes, and the lady timidly warbled her song. The 'Credo' and 'Laudate' followed: then came another rattling overture, (by

[Herold] to the opera of the '*Pré aux Clercs*,' with triangle, tambourine, and cymbals! The sermon next was preached, and the festival brought to a close by a grand chorus; and the soldiers marched out of church to the music of fife and drums. [This is a specimen of French solemnity.]

CHIT-CHAT FROM THE CONTINENT.

Paris.—I have heard by chance the general rehearsal of Onslow's opera in three acts, which is coming out on Tuesday next at the Opera Comique, and I am delighted with it. It is beautifully written—the melodies, when necessary, are light and graceful, the instrumentation beautiful,—and altogether a creditable work. Whether it is likely to succeed, or not, I cannot say, as it is certainly superior to anything they are in the habit of producing at that theatre. It is so well suited to the voices, that, to me, the actors appear to have more talent than usual. The story is interesting and well told, and I should say it was an opera well calculated for an English audience. I will let you know what the public feeling is after its first representation.

Milan.—Mercadante's new opera, '*Il Giuramento*,' has just been produced here, at the Theatre of La Scala, with a degree of success almost unparalleled. Night after night are the singers called upon the stage, not only after the representation, but between each of the acts; and there is quite a '*furore*' about it. The romanza '*Di superbo Vincitore*,' and a little air, '*Ma negli estremi istanti*,' sung by the soprano, Mme. Schoberlechner; and Madlle. Brambilla's great song, '*Or là sull' onda*,' are generally encored: but a trifle, exquisitely sung by the tenor Pedrazzi, ('*Bella adorata incognita*') is perhaps the greatest favourite of all. There is a beautiful quartett in the first, and a duet between Schoberlechner and Brambilla in the third act, which are much liked. The story, founded on one of Victor Hugo's, is essentially dramatic, and full of situation; the libretto being by Rossi, the author of many of Rossini's early and most successful operas.

CONCERTS.

ANCIENT CONCERTS.—The seventh concert was held on the 24th ult. under the direction of H.R.H. the Duke of Cumberland. The vocalists were Mesdames Seguin, Knyvett, Birch, and Madame Pasta; Messrs. Hawkins, Hobbs, and Phillips. The most interesting performance of the evening was that of '*Mad Bess*,' by Miss Birch, who is a young artiste of no ordinary abilities, and already is a bright ornament to her profession. The last cadenza in which she indulged, was not altogether in the style of the school, but we presume she had been taught it, and if so, the lady escapes our censure. Madame Pasta sang two scenas, and with perfect intonation. The chorus '*Immortal Lord*,' and the anthem, '*O clap your hands*,' both nicely instrumented by Mr. Kearns, were very creditably performed. The room was brilliantly attended.

QUARTETT CONCERTS.—Wednesday evening (the 24th) introduced us to the third of the series, as follows:—**PART I.** Sestett in E minor, piano-forte, two violins, viola, violoncello, and double-bass, Messrs. I. H. Griesbach, Thirlwall, J. Banister, Hill, H. J. Banister, and C. Severn; Griesbach.—Quartett in E flat, No. 20, two violins, viola, and violoncello, Messrs. J. Banister, Thirlwall, Hill, and H. J. Banister; Haydn.—Quintett in E flat, two violins, two violas, and violoncello, Messrs. Thirlwall, J. Banister, Hill, Dando, and H. J. Banister; Onslow.—**PART II.** Trio, violin, violoncello, and double-bass, Messrs. Dando, H. J. Banister, and C. Severn; Handel.—Sonata

in G minor, piano-forte and violoncello, Messrs. I. H. Griesbach, and H. J. Banister; Beethoven.—Quartett in A—Op. 18, two violins, viola, and violoncello, Messrs. Dando, J. Banister, Hill, and H. J. Banister; Beethoven.—We were too late for the first movement of Griesbach's Sestett. The adagio is clever, although, as it seemed to us, somewhat too long. Haydn is, perhaps, hardly himself in the first movement of No. 20. The scherzo and the adagio are, however, exquisite. The playing of Mr. Banister in the violin obligato, in the latter, deserves particular mention. If it was inferior to Blagrove, it was barely so, and that is saying much. But with regard to Mr. Thirlwall, who led the Quintett, we would advise him to get rid of a portion of his trickery and affectation before he leads again at any of these concerts. He has a good command of the instrument. His piano slurred passages are in particular neat and delicate; but he has as yet much to do as well as to undo. The last movement of Handel's Trio was encored; and what a perfectly beautiful Quartett is that of Beethoven's in A (Op. 18). How full of melody. How clear and masterly in design throughout. Of the Sonata we liked the two first movements the best. The playing left nothing to be wished on either side. The room, which is a small one, was well filled.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The immense area of Exeter Hall, and even the loop-hole galleries at the back of the orchestra, were densely crowded last Friday evening, to hear the performance of the Messiah—that "*heavy work*," as designated by a newspaper writer last year, who affected, at the same time, to wonder when we were to cease being "*bored with it*." Never! as we religiously pray:—never! as we firmly believe, judging by the intense interest which animated 2,500 auditors upon the present occasion. The order, the decorum, even the courtesy pervading all the parties composing this immense assembly, were as gratifying as the contemplation of the enjoyment they derived from the music. It was, to be sure, altogether a noble performance. The chorusses, of course, went smoothly; for the singers know them almost by heart. We could, however, have desired a little more strict observance of the pianos. The solo singers were, Mesdames Clara Novello, Birch, and Shaw; Messrs. Hobbs, Turner, Pyne, J. O. Atkins, and A. Novello. Miss Novello sang (and most beautifully) 'There were shepherds,' 'Rejoice greatly,' and the second part of 'He shall feed;' Miss Birch, 'How beautiful are the feet,' and 'But thou didst not leave;' and Mrs. Shaw, 'Oh thou that tellest,' 'He shall feed,' and 'He was despised.' The last air this lady sang with excellent propriety, both as to style and expression. Indeed, we have never heard her altogether to such advantage. The gentlemen must excuse our individualizing their performances, on account of our being pressed for space. Severally, however, they gratified their listeners. The whole orchestra consisted of about 400 members.

MME. DULKEN'S CONCERT.—Three times during the course of her concert last Friday morning, in the King's Theatre Room, Mme. Dulken displayed her great abilities as a pianiste. Upon the first occasion, she repeated the fine concerto of Mendelssohn which she played at the 6th Philharmonic. She next accompanied Mme. Schroeder in Schubert's remarkable ballad, 'Der Erlkönig'—an accompaniment requiring a concerto player to render justice to it. And lastly, in the fantasia of Thalberg upon the airs in Don Giovanni; 'Il mio tesoro,' and 'La ci darem;' a composition in which that remarkable man has evinced great judgement with refined taste. After treating his subjects individually, he has, at the close, managed with much ingenuity to work the two melodies together. Both the concerto and the fantasia, Mme. Dulken played with uncommon power and brilliancy. If we were required to institute any objection against her general performance, it would be, that possibly from a consciousness of her rapidity of finger, she has a tendency to hurry her time:—to hurry—not to break it; for, let her accelerate as she

may, she is as firm as a rock.—The Ganz's, young Regondi, and M. Labarre, were assistant instrumentalists; and the vocal performers were Mme. Caradori, who came in consequence of the indisposition of Mme. Grisi; Mlle. Ostergaard, Ivanhoff, Tamburini, and, "JUPITER Lablache," as Pasta has felicitously signalized him. Mr. Mori led—Sig. Costa conducted. The room was quite full, and the selection good.

MR. WESSELL'S SOIRÉES.—On Saturday last a very interesting musical performance took place at Mr. Pape's Pianoforte Rooms in Frith street, having for its object the assembling of native and foreign talent for the performance of classical music. Much sterling composition has yet to make its way, and it can hardly be expected that the beneficer of a morning concert should experimentalize on the taste of the million at his own personal risk. The soirées of Mr. Wessell have been undertaken with a desire to bring forward the great vocal and instrumental compositions of his countrymen; and assisted by such artistes as Mesdames Schröder, Dulcken, and Ostergaard, Herr Rosenhain, the brothers Ganz, Messrs. Eliason, Sedlatzek, Kiallmark, Herr Kroff, and numerous others, it cannot be doubted that a great treat is in store for all those who have the privilege of an entrée to these delightful *réunions*. On Saturday some beautiful compositions were sung by Mlle. Ostergaard, Mlle. Scotta, the Misses Myers, Herr Kroff; and Mlle. Chardonnay, and her brother. Mr. Kiallmark, Mr. Sedlatzek, Mr. Lidel, Mr. Clinton, and M. Le Patourel, by their performances on the pianoforte, violin, flute, and violoncello, detained the audience until a late hour. The names of Beethoven, Kalwoda, Thalberg, Chopin, Kreutzer, Czerny, Mayseder, &c. formed the attraction of the programme.

PHILHARMONIC.—The following is the programme of last Monday evening's concert; the seventh in the series for the season.—ACT I. Sinfonia Eroica; Beethoven.—Aria, Mrs. Shaw, 'Ah ch'io l'adoro' (Il Crociato in Egitto); Meyerbeer.—Trio, two violoncellos and contra basso, Messrs. Lindley, Crouch, and Dragonetti; Correlli.—Recitativo ed Aria, Madame Pasta, 'Sommo Ciel,' (Romeo e Giulietta); Zingarelli.—Overture, MS. 'The Naiades'; W. S. Bennett.—ACT II. Sinfonia, in C; Haydn.—Duetto, Madame Pasta, and Mrs. Shaw, 'Vorrei' (Otello); Rossini.—Quartetto, No. 1, (from the set dedicated to Haydn,) two violins, viola, and violoncello, Messrs. Eliason, Dando, Tolbecque, and Lindley; Mozart.—Aria, Mr. Balfe, 'Oh qual di pene,' (Jessonda) Spohr.—Overture, 'Ulysses and Circe'; B. Romberg.—Leader, Mr. Weichsel—Conductor, Mr. Bishop.

We have heard it objected to the 'Eroica,' that it is too long; and in parts tedious.—Its length we take to be forty minutes—about one third of the 'Anna Bolena':—no one however, who can sit out the opera, could reasonably complain of the symphony. For our own part, if the great German "were as tedious as a king" he is welcome to "bestow it all upon our worships." Why, we have patiently watched every bar, while the one act of many a modern opera has made us yawn our heads half off. "Tedious!"—why where are we to look for invention, imagination, construction, dignity and pathos, if not in the 'Sinfonia Eroica?' Who could have described with so high a poetical feeling the whole scene of that second movement, representing the last scene of a Warrior's career? that profoundly solemn march—the high service in the cathedral, with its orthodox fugue—the fading away of the receding procession, to the last two or three dropping notes (*pianissimo*) denoting the completion of the solemnity. And then the Scherzo, describing the military returning home "with merry march to the tent-royal" of their new Emperor. There is no *descriptive* music like Beethoven's—so vivid; so greatly imaginative, and so free from the baldness of literality.—Long life to his memory!

The air from the 'Crociato,' and which we think one of the prettiest of Meyerbeer's melodies, was sung in a very charming manner by Mrs. Shaw. Mme.

Pasta too, was in excellent voice, and however some of her upper notes may have become attenuated by the wear and tear of exertion, her grandeur of expression, and artist-like polish, have never failed. The trio of Corelli needs no remark—not even that Dragonetti and Lindley were encored in their several movements: the wonder would have been that the audience should have failed to do so. Sterndale Bennett's elegant overture we have heretofore noticed; and we care not how often the opportunity be repeated.—Haydn's symphony is a perfect sample of his happy spirit and well regulated understanding. The *andante* may, perhaps, be said to approach the commonplace,—not in treatment, but in subject: but the finale is charming. Every bar of the quartett is imbued with the Raffaelesque spirit of Mozart: above all, the *adagio*; than which he never wrote a more exquisitely tender movement; or possibly one more ingenious as well as graceful, than the finale, with its fugue of two subjects. The feeling and expression displayed throughout the performance of this composition, was acknowledged by the whole room. Being very long, it was perhaps inconsiderate to appoint it so low a situation in the programme. The aria from 'Jessonda' is Spohr to the back-bone; and a delightful melody it is. Mr. Balfe did honour to it, and consequently to himself. The noble overture to 'Ulysses and Circe' completed a fine concert.

CITY HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Monday evening the Society's third Concert took place. The selection included many of our old favourites. There was the beautiful song of Mozart's, 'Parto,' sung by Miss Emma Howard, a young singer of much promise, and beautifully accompanied on the clarionet by Mr. Lazarus. And the 'Batti, batti,' which, by the way, Miss Bruce ought not to sing, for it is not suited to her voice. 'Farewell to the mountain' was very well delivered by Mr. Stretton, and encored,—as was also Himmel's song, (a most charming one) 'Yarico to her lover.' Mr. Allen's chief merit lies in an appropriate manner of singing ballads. Of the two of his own in the second act, ('The broken heart,' and 'Zulieka') we preferred the latter. Haydn is no proper vehicle for trickery;—Mr. Thirlwall should not have led the quartett, with J. Banister too in the orchestra. After Mr. Neilson's popular ballad, 'Beautiful moon,' we left. The room was quite full. Mr. Musgrave led, Mr. Neilson conducted. A second series of six concerts is advertised, to commence in November.

MR. MOSCHELES' CONCERT.—A choice band—instrumental and vocal; a crowded room, with at least a hundred visitors in the orchestra, were assembled to do honour to this eminent musician's concert on Tuesday morning, in the great room of the King's Theatre. Mr. Moscheles' individual performances consisted of a MS. 'Concerto pathétique,' a composition (in the second movement especially) displaying great originality of thought, with ingenious, and even masterly treatment. The second performance was a selection of his MS. studies; able in themselves as works of art, although, in our apprehension, not in every instance answering to the idea to be illustrated in musical sounds. If in endeavouring to embody the subject of an allegory, the painter necessarily fall into the bald matter-of-fact and the tangible, the musician will be proportionately remote who shall set himself the task of embodying in musical construction, such movements of the mind, as 'Affection,' 'Innocence,' and 'Contemplation.' Although, according to Addison, the test of an allegory lies in its capabilities of pictorial illustration; we apprehend that it will be too much to demand of a musical composition that, as a test of its definiteness, it shall illustrate its own subject without the interpretation of any sister science. Harmonious sounds no more than harmonious colours, can shadow forth an abstract idea.

Mr. Moscheles afterwards played a selection of Scarlatti's suites of lessons, including the justly celebrated 'Cat's fugue;' and concluded the concert with an extemporaneous performance, in which he introduced the opening subject

of Mozart's symphony in G minor; and subsequently the air of 'Non più andrai,' which Lablache had previously sung. The point of the concert, however, in which all interest was concentrated, lay in the grand triple concerto for piano-fortes by Sebastian Bach. It had never before been played in public in this country. The whole piece, as performed on this occasion, was not an integral composition of Bach, but made up out of his two concertos for three piano-fortes. The first movement and the succeeding slow one, were from his concerto in D minor; the last movement (brillante) was the opening movement of his other concerto in D major. The subject (which is prodigiously fine and energetic) is like the last of the six sonatas for two rows of keys or pedals. The orchestral accompaniments were re-scored for the occasion by Mr. Moscheles, and the wind instrument parts (the whole written in masterly keeping with the genius and character of the music) were entirely by Mr. Moscheles. That such a work should have been lying all but mute for a hundred years seems incomprehensible; but, much of Bach's music, as Sir Thomas Brown would say: "is still in the urn unto us." The excellent directors of the Birmingham festival, however, are about to follow up the pious work of unearthing him. We are to have a selection from that stupendous work, 'The Passion,' at the approaching meeting; the whole of which took a German choral society a month's hard practice to get up, and even then it was not performed as it should have been.

Mr. Moscheles was assisted by the following solo instrumentalists: Mr. Labarre, on the harp; Ganz, on the violoncello; and Puzzi, on the horn. The vocal performers were: Mme. Grisi, Mme. Schroeder (who had a severe cold) and Miss Clara Novello. The 'Non più di fiori' by the last, with Willman's perfect accompaniment on the corno di bassetto, was a charming performance. The circumscribed limits of our work preclude our rendering all the honour we feel to be due to Mr. Moscheles for his delightful concert, and what he is doing for the cause of sterling music. Mr. F. Cramer led. Sir G. Smart conducted.

MESSRS. ROUSSELOT AND ELIASON'S CONCERT.—The great room of the King's Theatre, the ante room, and the orchestra, were filled with company on Wednesday morning, previously to the commencement of these gentlemen's concert. The attraction was of no ordinary description: there were Pasta and Schroeder, Grisi and Clara Novello; Rubini, Ivanoff, Giubilei, and Lablache. Rosenhain played the first movement of his piano-forte concerto, between the first and second parts; and Labarre, on the harp, his fantasia upon *motivi* from 'Robert le Diable.' We could not enumerate all the performances deserving notice; yet, for old remembrance sake, as well as present gratification, we must not pass by Mme. Pasta's 'Di tanti palpiti,' and which she sang with all her former brilliancy, and artist-like polish. Also the duet from 'Andronico,' with Mme. Grisi—a superb display of skilful and friendly contention. Rubini's singing of Beethoven's 'Adelaida,' was constantly followed by an accompaniment, or running commentary of applause and admiration. Then there were Schroeder's 'Erlkönig'; Grisi and Lablache's 'Oh guardate che figura,' a delightful piece of humour; and Clara Novello's 'Gratias agimus' of Guglielmi, with Willman's delicious clarinet obligato. Mr. Eliason was enthusiastically applauded for the performance of his own adagio and rondo for the violin; and not more in compliment to him as the giver of the concert, than for his music, which was beautiful; and his playing, which was neat, delicate, and expressive. Mr. Rousselot brought forward a terzetto from a MS. opera, sung by Miss Clara Novello, Signors Rubini and Lablache, which, from the lateness of the hour, we did not remain to hear: but a sestettino (a modest title) for oboe, clarinet, horn, bassoon, violoncello, and contra basso, played by Barrèt, Willman, F. Rousselot, Bauman, Rousselot, (the composer of it) and Dragonetti, quite delighted us. The writing is very clever and melodious; and the composer has evinced throughout a

masterly acquaintance with the genius and resources of his instruments, to each of which were apportioned concerto passages remarkably brilliant and effective. F. Rousselot (the horn player) is a very first-rate artist. Dragonetti had a tough crow to pull; but, like Gallio of old, "he cares for none of these things." Messrs. Mori and Tolbecque were the leaders, and Signor Benedict conducted.

ANCIENT CONCERTS.—The last meeting of the season took place on Wednesday, under the direction of His Grace the Archbishop of York. The vocalists were, Mme. Pasta, Mesdames Bishop and Shaw; Messrs. Braham, Phillips, Hawkins, Lloyd, Stretton, and Parry, Jun. The selection was from the works of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, with some things from Cimarosa, Zingarelli, Millico, Calcott, &c. &c. Pasta and Braham in the recitatives were as declamatory and as imaginative as ever; Mrs. Bishop sang the corale in the Israel in Egypt, ('Sing ye to the Lord') very nicely, although it would have been a worthy attention of the Directors to have engaged Schröder, if for no other purpose than to have executed those few bars. Mrs. Shaw, in a sweet song of Mozart, and Mr. Parry, in the lovely one from the Orfeo of Haydn, severally sustained their well established reputation. The best instrumental performance was the overture to Prometheus. It would be worth while to reprint Beethoven's sly criticism on such writers as Messrs. Millico, Zingarelli, Jomelli, and the herd of antiquated melodists. Armed with such an authority, possibly the Directors might induce the Subscribers to tolerate music somewhat a little more difficult of digestion. *The best school of ancient music* has yet to make its way into these concerts. Ten years hence the Ancient Concert programme will have a very different aspect, but the battle will be fought on other ground. Thanks to the amateur societies.

MR. PRAEGER'S CONCERT.—This gentleman took a benefit at the London Tavern on Wednesday evening. It was, upon the whole, like some others which we have had occasion to notice, rather a mediocre affair. The solo pieces consisted of Pot-Pourris for the violoncello by Mr. and Master Praeger; a clarinet concerto by Mr. Barhe, and a pianoforte fantasia of Herz, by Miss Praeger, all very fairly performed, but certainly exhibiting nothing remarkable. There was a pretty song of Mr. Lover's ('Rory-o'-More') nicely sung by a gentleman whom we had not the pleasure of knowing; and a duett of Cimarosa's by Mr. and Mrs. Seguin. The room, however, was full; and this being the 'be-all and the end-all' of taking a benefit, why—so be it.

THEATRES.

DRURY LANE.—Mr. Balfe's new opera, "Catherine Grey," was brought forward for the first time last Saturday. The story purports to be founded upon a portion of Lucy Aikin's "Memoirs of the Court of Queen Elizabeth." These operatic adaptations from history bring to mind the charge brought against his nurse, by an Irish gentleman:—"I was born the finest child in nature, but you changed me for a ricketty little baste of your own." The "little baste" of Mr. Balfe's poet, is not only a changeling, but a "ricketty" one. It (viz. the plot of the opera) may be told very concisely. Queen Elizabeth has fallen in love with Edward Seymour, Earl of Hertford, (Mr. Balfe); impolitely, however—to say nothing of the proprieties, which go lightly in dramatic legislation, her majesty discloses her passion, if we remember correctly, in the open street; but receives a tremendous shock to her self-love, upon being apprised that the earl's affections are already engaged in another quarter. Whereupon her sacred majesty gives vent to very unseemly wrath; and, subsequently discovering that the Lady Catherine Grey has a little son, the whole train of her formidable virtue explodes, and poor Catherine is imprisoned. Upon being required to give up the father, she names the Earl of Hertford,

adding that they have for some time been clandestinely married. The discovery again serves only to expose her majesty's contempt of decency; for now the luckless earl is laid by the heels in the Tower, and condemned to death. For the third time our queen Oriana—the cynosure of the greatest poets that the world ever produced—is unmindful of her dignity, and actually discovered as a spectator in the procession of Hertford to his execution. The plot of the drama, however, is benefitted by this remarkable arrangement; for it prepares a scene for the Lady Catherine, who rushes in and volunteers self-immolation to satiate the revenge of Elizabeth, which will rest satisfied with nothing short of the death of one of the two. Upon witnessing the devotion of the wife however, her generosity becomes suddenly touched; she joins their hands; and away they go, chirping like crickets.

The whole of the dialogue is in *recitative*—an experiment on the national theatre, which we think can have little chance of success, unless it be of the very highest order of writing. This desideratum we do not feel that Mr. Balfe has supplied. On the contrary, this portion, as well as the rest of the music, are constructed upon the models of the recent Italian writers. It is not merely like Bellini, but integral phrases from that composer have been adopted by Mr. Balfe. This was the case in Mrs. Wood's scena; and the finale, sung by the same lady, was the old thing over again. All this may satisfy the ignorant ear, but it cannot but "make the judicious grieve;" for it is but putting a drag upon the endeavour of others to advance our national music. At the time, however, that we regret this lack of proper ambition, we are free to acknowledge that some of the melodies in the opera, although commonplace, have a tact and a grace about them which will secure them an ephemeral popularity. They are at all events pleasing transfusions of melodies, that a large class of listeners have accompanied with "nods and becks, and wreathed smiles;" such for instance, as the serenade: 'Look forth my fairest,' and the other, 'Torn from all I lov'd and caress'd'; both of which Mr. Balfe delivered with nice taste and expression—barring those ridiculous stereotyped cadences of Tamburini. It is difficult to repress one's annoyance at beholding a clever man like Balfe, as a singer and writer both, crawling after second rate and second-hand artists; for, in various instances on Saturday evening, we could not but recognize a tact and a talent in the scoring of his opera, instrumental as well as vocal, which would yield him a sufficient stock to trade upon his own resources.

If, as we have heard, that the opera was brought out after two full rehearsals only, it shewed a remarkable quickness of faculty in all the parties engaged in the performance. Mrs. Wood sang and acted in her very best manner. Her appearance, too, was like a Vandyk portrait, with that rich white satin dress, relieved by her luxuriant raven-hair. Miss Romer also, as the queen, helped up her millstone of a part, but we really sympathized with the exertion. Mr. Seguin did himself credit in the character of Lord Grey—and which was so useless as well as insignificant a part, that it might have been omitted altogether.

THE MELODISTS.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—The Melodists' Club, some time since, in offering a premium for the best words of a song to be set to music by members of their society, stipulated for the copyright of the stanzas whereon the premium was paid. This was, of course, nothing but fair; and the society farther acted liberally in awarding medals to three candidates, next in merit (so considered) to the successful one; but I cannot think it but due to the unsuccessful majority, that their productions should be returned to their several addresses, or that notice by advertisement should have been given that they would be restored on

application. It is not to be supposed for a moment that the club intend to appropriate the entire number, of which some might, perhaps, be considered as of little value to any save the owners; nevertheless, as the competition was invited by them, the course above named should have been, and still ought to be, adopted. I am, &c.

ONE OF THE 217.

P.S. If the above remarks appear to the Editor of the 'Musical World' to possess "some show of reason," their insertion in his widely circulated journal would doubtless effect a remedy for what myself and others cannot but feel as uncourteousness, if not injustice.

THE CONCERTINA.

SIR,—In No. 61 of the *Musical World*, there are a few mistakes in the account of the Concertina. It is there stated that in shape "it is an octagon, about eight inches in diameter, and in depth, when not drawn out, about the same." It should have been, in shape, it is a hexagon, and not quite six inches in diameter; again after mentioning its compass, &c. follows; "which renders the intonation in one key, quite perfect;" leading your readers to suppose that the instrument is only capable of being played in *one* key; whereas it admits of nearly all the keys. It is also stated that "this instrument is a vast improvement on the accordion;" which is a mere toy compared to this in its capabilities and effects.

In justice to deserving merit, it ought to be mentioned that the fantasias which are so delightfully played by young Regondi, are arranged and composed by Mr. Joseph Warren, the able organist of St. Mary's Catholic chapel, Chelsea, who has likewise composed several excellent masses, for the use of that and other catholic chapels. I am, Sir, your constant reader,

Hertford Street, May Fair.

VERITAS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HERR MÖRSE, director of the King's Opera at Berlin, and a musician of great talent, has arrived in London, with his son, a youth of about ten years of age, who is said to be a very extraordinary performer on the violin.

It is considered that there is more musical talent of great eminence, both vocal and instrumental, in London at the present moment, than there is in the whole of Europe besides; indeed, there is scarcely a musician of note left on the Continent.

ST. GEORGE'S, CAMBERWELL.—A very delightful performance of Sacred music, took place in this church on Wednesday evening, in aid of the funds of the district National Schools. The singers were, Mesdes. Knyvett, Hawes, and Clara Novello: Messrs. Hobbs, Hawkins, and H. Phillips. Trumpet solo, Harper. Mr. Adams (who gave his services gratuitously) presided at the organ, and opened the performance with a voluntary extempore. 1500 persons were in the church.

THALBERG AND HERZ.—Two very admirable miniature plaster busts of these pianists have been published by Messrs. D'Almaine & Co. Both are good likenesses, yet rather flattered: but there is a small caricature half length bust of the Piano-Briareus, which, like many caricatures, is ridiculously like, both in feature and manner. No one, who has even had a glimpse of Thalberg, could fail for an instant to recognise the resemblance. To carry on the humour of the design, the artist has placed him at his instrument, and endowed him with a double complement of fingers.—We should not turn our backs upon the trade commission for all the sets that will be sold of these clever works of art.

CHRISTCHURCH, SPITALFIELDS.—On Monday evening, Mr. Pittman, the newly elected organist of this church, presided at the performance on the

organ, with the view of affording the parishioners an opportunity of hearing their fine instrument in its improved state. As the repairs had been effected by means of a voluntary, but spirited subscription, the performance was but a proper compliment to those who so cheerfully had come forward in the good cause. Upwards of two thousand persons were assembled on this occasion, and the new organist (who is yet but a stripling) had undertaken no ordinary task in the assembling of so large and respectable an auditory to listen to a strictly instrumental performance, without the attraction of even a single vocalist. The programme embraced the two pedal fugues by Sebastian Bach, in G minor and E major (both grievously difficult to execute), two choruses from the oratorios of Handel and Haydn, interspersed with the beautiful slow movements from Beethoven's *sinfonias* in D and C minor, and the *andantes* from some of Beethoven's and Spohr's quartets. There was also a sprinkling from Cherubini, the overture from the St. Paul of Mendelssohn, and the last two movements of the Jupiter *Sinfonia*, by Mozart. It was a novel sight to witness so numerous a congregation sitting out, with evident gratification and delight, a long series of classical movements, many of which are rarely heard out of the Philharmonic Concert Room; and the fugues of Bach, in all probability, for the first time. It will be evident from the selection brought forward on this occasion, that the inhabitants of Christchurch are fortunate in their organist, and that the judgment evinced by Mr. Novello in selecting him as the first performer out of the gross number of candidates, was both sound and unimpeachable. Mr. Pittman's performance was unexceptionably excellent, and his skill and taste reflect high credit on Mr. Gauntlett, who, we believe, directed his studies on the organ. The *andante* movements of Beethoven are tremendously difficult to make effective on the organ, and we do Mr. Pittman no more than justice to say these elegant compositions formed the great charm of his performance. Mr. Lincoln, Jun. (a pupil of Mr. Adams) assisted in the execution of the overture to St. Paul and the Jupiter Symphony, and is a sound and skilful organ performer.

BEETHOVEN.—Between the first and second parts of the Ancient Concert on Wednesday night, Mr. Knyvett and Mr. F. Cramer read a communication to the band and chorus, which Lord Burghersh had received from the Baron Sehlegel, relative to a subscription which is raising in Germany for paying the expense of erecting a monument to the memory of Beethoven, at Bonn, where he was born. It was proposed to give a grand concert in the course of this season in aid of the same, at which the whole of the performers connected with the concerts of ancient music most readily promised their gratuitous services.—*Morning Post.*

BELGIAN CATHOLIC CHAPEL, ST. GEORGE'S FIELDS.—At the vespers last Sunday evening in this chapel, the usual Gregorian service, which has of late been so undeservedly neglected, was finely performed by a full choir. Miss Clara Novello sang several solos, and was well supported by the choir. Mr. Benedict, the organist to the chapel, presided. We are pleased to hear that means are taking to secure an equally efficient performance of the vespers once a month. The collection upon the present occasion (which was large) is to be appropriated to the fund for building the new church.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. N. Provincial Notices, and other communications, reserved till next week.

Operas, Concerts, &c. for the ensuing week.

Friday, 2nd Mr Potter's Concert, Hanover Square Rooms, Morning.

Saturday, 3rd.... Academy Concert, Hanover Square Rooms, Morning. Mr. Nante's 2nd Soirée, Hanover Square Rooms, Evening. King's Theatre, (Heaven only knows what.) Mr. Wessel's 2nd Soirée, (gratuitous) 6, Frith Street.

Monday, 5th Last Società Armonica, King's Theatre, Evening. Royal Society of Musicians, Rehearsal, Hanover Square Rooms, Morning.

Tuesday, 6th King's Theatre.

Wednesday, 7th .. Royal Society of Musicians, Performance, Hanover Square Rooms, Evening. Classical Instrumental Concert, Horn Tavern, Doctors Commons, Evening.

Friday, 9th.....Mr. Benedict's Concert, King's Theatre, Morning. Mr. Minasi's Concert, Willis's Rooms, Evening.

WEEKLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PIANO-FORTE.

- Buondelmonte, *Airs in*, arranged by Truzzi CHAPPELL
 Cachucha, as a Duet JEFFERTS
 Liszt. *Trois Morceaux Caractéristiques*. No. 1. *Harmonies Poétiques* WESSEL
 — Ditto, No. 2. "When first to life awaking." Romance, F. Schubert DITTO
 — Ditto, No. 3. *Apparitions* (first and second) DITTO
 May-fair Quadrilles. M. Corri .. WILLIS
 Weber. Second Grand Sonata, op. 39, in A flat WESSEL
 — Rondo *Passionati*, No. 2. DITTO

VOCAL.

- Come, crowd round the bowl. H. W. Goodban NOVELLO
 Dry be that tear. Romance, Neilson ALDRIDGE
 Dear Mary, I have gazed on thee. Ballad, Alfred Hole DITTO
 Farewell, oh! farewell. Song, Miss Souper WILLIS
 Keller. Duet, Ah! could I teach the nightingale, 2nd Edition .. WESSEL
 Smith (C.) When the sails were unfur'd, New Edition BLACKMAN
 Schubert. Air, When I behold thee WESSEL
 — Ditto, Death! our nature's dread, DITTO
 The parting song. Mrs. Hemans, Miss Mason JOHANNING
 The dying warrior. Recit. and Air, G. Perry CARD
 Wake, dearest Hinda COVENTRY

FOREIGN VOCAL.

- Credete alle mie lagrime. Romanza, Marliani LONSDALE
 Ci arrida un altro cielo. Duet, tino in Sancia di Castiglia, Donizetti CHAPPELL
 Le Duc. L'Absence, Romance .. PLATTS
 L'affanno in cui penai. Duetto, Donizetti LONSDALE
 Mercadante. From the opera of "Il Giuramento." No. 1. Cavatina, Bella adorata incognita. 2. Cavatina, A lei tutto io già sacrai. 3. Romanza, Di superbo vincitore Elaisa. 4. Cavatina, Or là sul' onda colpensier. 5. Quartett, Vicino a chi s'adora. 6. Duet, Di Viscardo io sono amante. 7. Arietta, Con sì angelico sembiante. 8. Duet, Dolce conforto al misero. 9. Duet, L'adrava qual s'adora. 10. Scena e Romanza, Ma negli estremi istanti. 10 (bis) The Romance from Ditto, separate. CHAPPELL

SACRED.

- Binfield's Psalmody, 11 Nos. COCKS
 Clark's Congregational Harmonist, Nos. 29, 30. BLACKMAN

GUITAR.

- Amphion, or the Flowers of Melody, No. 15 JOHANNING
 Sagrini. La Serenata, Aria ALDRIDGE
 — La Scullarina, Ditto DITTO
 Sola. Arrangement of the following Songs for Guitar and Voice, by Mrs. Hemans, and Lister. Book 2. The messenger bird. The Rhine song. The troubadour's song. The Hebrew mother. I remember, I remember. The better land. The child's first grief; or, Oh call my mother back again. The pilgrim father WILLIS
 — Ecco il peggio ch'io ALDRIDGE
 Verini. Three Italian Ariettas, with Guitar Accompt. DITTO

FLUTE.

- Kuhlau. In van tu fangi, (Riccardo e Zoraida) arranged for 2 Flutes CARD
 Nicholson (C.) Capriccio, with ad lib. Accompt. for Piano-forte, Study for double tonguing DITTO

HARP.

- Bochsa. The admired march in Belisario, arranged for Harp .. CHAPPELL
 Wright (T. H.) Grand March, dedicated to the Princess Victoria WRIGHT

TENOR VIOLIN.

- Blake. 3 Grand Solos, fingered, with Violoncello Accompt. HILL
 Lindley. Trio, op. 7, Tenor, Violoncello, and Bassoon DITTO
 Schneider. 3 Solos, easy, with Violin Accompt. DITTO

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Bochsa. *Airs in the Postillon*. Mon petit mari. Je vais donc le revoir. Mes amis, écoutez. Harp and Piano-forte CHAPPELL
 Card (W.) Chi dice mal d'amore, arranged for Flute and Piano-forte CARD
 Forde, Tulou, and Herz. C'est une larme. March. Mosé. L'enfant du regiment. Fantaisie Russe. Italian Canzonet. Piano-forte, Flute and Piano-forte COCKS
 Kreutzer's Overture to Lodoiska, 2 Violins BLACKMAN
 Lemoine and Sedlatzek. Les Bluettes, No. 3. "My own Lord Devon." Stockhausen, Flute and Piano-forte WESSEL
 Webb's Marches, 7th Set, Military Band. COVENTRY
 Wessel & Co.'s Journal for Brass Band, No. 1, containing Kalisch quick step. Galope. Brepsant. Austrian (Regiment Langenan) March WESSEL